

## Nicole Cooley

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*A sliver of dread. A slash and then the baby is small enough to fit underneath the surface of my skin where I can keep her safe forever.*

*The dye they injected was pale purple. The dye was green and I was not allowed to hold her.*

*The baby was lost then found under a cabbage leaf, silky as a gown on a wedding night, white as spilled milk*

## Notes

Text in the italicized untitled poems is borrowed from Harry F. Harlow, "Love in Infant Monkeys," *Scientific American* 200 (June 1959).